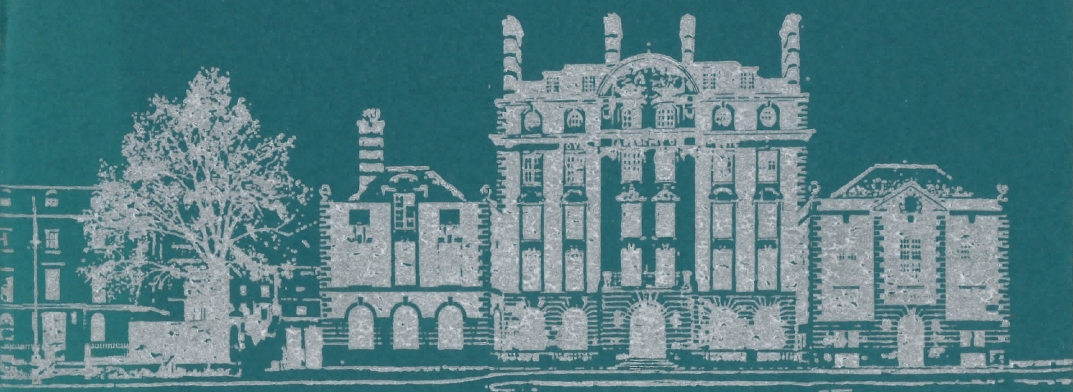


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 220 Summer 1979



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and Students' Union

Editor Robin Golding

No 220 Summer 1979

Royal Academy of Music
Marylebone Road, London NW1

Contents

- 2 Editorial
- 2 Profile No 18: Myers Foggin Guy Jonson
- 4 An opera for Charterhouse *Roger Steptoe,*
Ursula Vaughan Williams
- 9 A trip to Corsica *David Owen Norris*
- 14 Obituary:
Frederick T Durrant *Terence Lovett*
Ethel Kennedy *Sybil Barlow*
Egerton Tidmarsh *Vivian Langrish*
- 18 Reviews of New Books and Music *John Hall*
- 19 Letter to the Editor *Jeffrey P Green*
- 19 Notes about Members and others
- 22 RAM Club News *William Llewellyn*
- 24 RAM Concerts and Opera

- 28 The Students' Union Editorial *Mark Snee*
- 29 The NCOS: another view *Rupert Bond*

The major part of the Academy's mammoth redevelopment scheme, of which the central feature was the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre, was completed in 1977. At the time, funds were not available to provide the Theatre with lighting for the stage, and for the first productions equipment had to be hired specially (at considerable expense). Now, however, thanks to a munificent donation from a trust (for the moment anonymous), the Theatre has been fully equipped with the most modern and sophisticated lighting and controls.

Further development and improvement of the premises is to be carried out in six 'Stages', between now and the end of 1981. The first of these is nearing completion, and will provide six practice rooms (below the Theatre), new cloakrooms, a new Manson Room and a new Percussion Room, and heating and ventilation plant for the whole of the area still to be developed. 'Stage 2' will be devoted to repairs to and renovation of Nos 42-44 York Terrace East (the RAM's 'Annexe'); 'Stage 3' to the completion of ten practice rooms at the level of the Theatre pit; 'Stage 4' to repairs to and renovation of No 45 York Terrace East; 'Stage 5' to the completion of Rehearsal Studios 1 and 2 (under the Theatre auditorium); and 'Stage 6' to repairs to and renovation of Nos 46-47 York Terrace East (which houses the Library). The only part of the planned redevelopment that will not be covered by this scheme is the provision of two new Recital Halls (behind the Theatre auditorium), and housing for the Library's archives.

Profile No 18
Myers Foggin,
CBE, FRAM, FRCM,
Hon FTCL, Hon GSM

With the impending retirement of Myers Foggin as Principal of Trinity College of Music, much will be said and written concerning his many widespread and varied achievements over a long and distinguished career in the world of music. The various honours bestowed upon him and the many positions of importance he has held are indeed proof of his outstanding qualities both in the field of administration and as a practical and dedicated performing musician.

Those of his friends who have known him since his student days at the Academy will justifiably feel a sense of pride in his achievements, and to us who were for so long associated with him as student, professor and Warden at the RAM it is given to appreciate in retrospect his influence which still persists upon many facets of the present-day life of the Academy.

It is largely due to his enormous enthusiasm, intuitive instinct and drive that the Academy Opera Class, which was virtually moribund in 1948, is now a major force in the institution. Under his expert guidance over a period of seventeen years he welded together and directed an impressive and glittering number of productions, amongst which there remain vividly in the memory outstanding performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* and of *Carmen*. It is probably no exaggeration to state that the general excellence of piano accompaniment prevailing in the Academy today may be attributed to the care which he lavished as a student upon the countless accompaniments he carried out and which largely helped in raising both the standard and status, and which had the effect of putting his fellow-students on their mettle in this field.



Photograph by
Jack Wilson

I well remember attending my first Fortnightly Concert and observing to my astonishment that no less than four items were accompanied by W Myers Foggin! In fact although our studentship overlapped ('Bill', as he was and is known to all his friends, was in his fourth year when I arrived) for the remainder of our combined time together he accompanied at every single concert that took place!

Bill was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is a Freeman of that city, the honour being an hereditary one. It is interesting to note that among the privileges inherent in the Freedom is that of being permitted to graze a cow on the Town Moor! One readily understands that the art of music offered a more persuasive pull than the tug of a bovine creature!

Bill's musical training, the prelude to an impressive number of appointments and associations with the world of music, began at the age of five, when he was taught by his father, a successful teacher of the piano in Newcastle, whose influence was a close and enduring one. Thereafter, from the age of eleven to eighteen, he studied with Sigmund Oppenheim, his father's old teacher, and upon gaining entry into the Academy in 1927 he studied the piano with York Bowen. He gained the Henry Smart Scholarship in

1928, the Townsend Scholarship in 1930 and amongst many piano prizes he won the Walter Macfarren Gold Medal in 1931. On leaving the Academy at the end of a distinguished studentship he completed his piano studies with Tobias Matthay; and in 1935 he was recalled by Sir John McEwen as assistant to John Barbirolli in the Opera Class. He was invited to join the professorial staff as a piano professor in 1936. In this year too, he was appointed conductor of the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Society.

A very active life ensued, including a great deal of broadcasting, until the War years which interrupted his career (as was the common fate of most of our generation) when he served with distinction as an Intelligence Officer in the RAF. On demobilisation he became a guest conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company before being appointed Director of Opera at the Academy.

In 1949, when Sir Reginald Thatcher became Principal, he appointed Bill as Warden. This important and indeed onerous position he filled with the greatest distinction for sixteen years, bringing to bear all those qualities which we came to associate with him: boundless energy, tact and an immediate grasp of any situation and speedy solution of any problems arising. There is no doubt in my mind that he will rank among those outstanding Wardens who have and do contribute immeasurably to the life and quality of the RAM. Trinity College was indeed singularly fortunate when in 1965 he accepted the post of Principal, especially in view of his wide administrative experience combined with a true sense of professionalism gained on the concert platform.

When, in a recent interview with him, it was pointed out that the head of a college will lend his support and attention to many outside musical bodies whose interests are very time-consuming, he replied: 'My strongest link for over thirty years [ten of them as Chairman—GJ] has been with the Royal Philharmonic Society. To me this affords the best possible link with the outside professional musical sphere and I do not begrudge a moment of the time it demands.' In a reply to a further question it is gratifying to hear him say: 'My career as a concert pianist was launched entirely as a result of my studentship at the Academy. Indeed I readily acknowledge that the Academy, and those in it, opened every possible door to my career. From the moment I entered the Academy the privilege to me was that I was able to be influenced by several musical giants and music quickly assumed a meaning I had never previously understood. Hence my devotion to Music College training.' And in answer to a question on retirement: 'In retirement I hope to be able to concentrate upon what music I am capable of undertaking and perhaps to pass on some of my experience.' And so we do indeed wish him, his charming wife Lotte and his family, many happy years in which this hope may be fulfilled.

Roger Steptoe is currently Composer-in-Residence at Charterhouse, through a scheme sponsored in conjunction with the RVW Trust (Vaughan Williams being an Old Carthusian). At the RAM Roger Steptoe studied composition under Alan Bush, and since 1977 he has had several major first performances on the South Bank, works played throughout this country and abroad and recorded and broadcast on BBC Radio 3. His first full-length three-act opera, *King of Macedon*, to a libretto by Ursula Vaughan Williams and commissioned by Charterhouse, is to be produced at

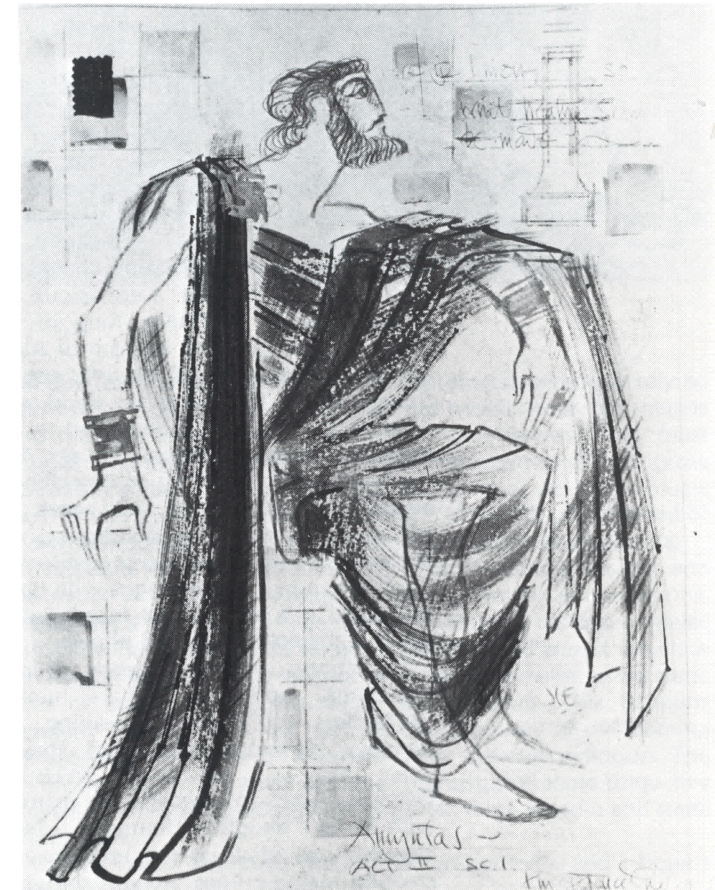
the school in Godalming from 18 to 21 October. Below, the composer and the librettist voice some thoughts on the opera and the forthcoming production.

Roger Steptoe

There cannot be many composers who can say that their first opera was written with a definite performance in mind. When it was suggested that I should write such a work for first performance at Charterhouse, I shuddered at the idea of having to compose 2½ hours of music, especially as the largest work before the commencement of the opera was possibly my string quartet for the Coull Quartet (colleagues of mine at the RAM and currently Quartet in Residence at Warwick University) and a 25-minute choral work for Charterhouse called *Praises*. But nevertheless I felt more than qualified to tackle the job, having previously composed orchestral music, choral music, and song cycles of which the most

An opera for Charterhouse

Costume design by Joyce Conwy Evans for Amyntas in Act II Scene I. Photograph by Brian Souter



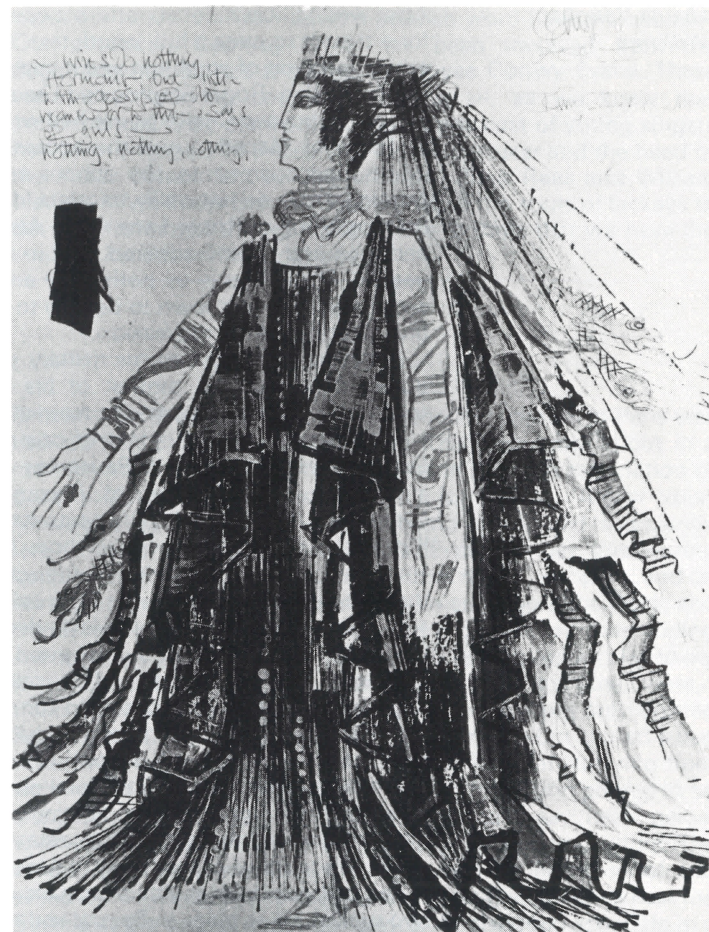
recent one, *Aspects*, for high voice and piano, was commissioned by the RAM for their 1978 series of Westmorland Concerts and consisted of settings of seven poems by Ursula Vaughan Williams. I have been very fortunate to have for my first attempt a distinguished and successful librettist who knows from her own experience the infinite number of problems involved with writing operas, and that, combined with my own past musical experiences, my interest in the theatre and the encouragement from Charterhouse (particularly that of Geoffrey Ford, who is to produce and direct the production, having been responsible in 1972 for the widely acclaimed Charterhouse performances of Vaughan Williams's *The Pilgrim's Progress*) all helped me to launch *King of Macedon*.

The opera has been specially designed to involve members of the school, and the choral society will take part in the chorus. They will be given small rôles, and Carthusians will help with the construction of scenery, lighting and other back-stage jobs. But it must be emphasised that this is *not* a school opera, as we are relying on so much outside and inside professional help from the very fine cast of professional soloists, which includes David Wilson-Johnson, Carole Rosen, Martyn Hill, John Elwes, Glyn Davenport, Graham Titus, Lesley Garrett, Alison Truefitt, Robin Martin Oliver and Lawrence Wallington, to the splendid costume designs by Joyce Conwy Evans, and from the three ingenious sets designed by the school's Director of Art, Michael Woods, to the mainly professional orchestra to be conducted by William Llewellyn, the Director of Music. In fact the whole set-up is something every opera composer would wish for.

I responded to the libretto and synopsis, which contains many operatic ingredients, namely a strong dramatic shape, and use of the right amount of tension and relaxation in the action and dialogue, dispensing with unnecessary clutter. I feel the fault of many operas today is that there are too many words to be set, leaving little room for any orchestral texture to come through. The dramatic content of the libretto had a strong influence on my music and I have made a conscious effort to contrast the dark, brooding world of Philip, King of Macedon, with the more transparent texture and lyricism of Alexander of Epirus (Philip's brother-in-law) and the colourful edginess of Olympias (Philip's Queen, whom he rejects for Euridice) and Pausanias (Philip's Head of the Guard and betrothed to Euridice) with the sensual, dream-like world of Hephaestion and Alexander (Philip's son). All this has been achieved by orchestration and the different types of melodic line associated with each character. Thus Philip is represented mainly by dominating brass and often a fairly declamatory vocal line using semitones and wide intervals, and Hephaestion by divided strings with flutes and celesta and often a solo cello, the augmented fourth followed by a major second being a characteristic vocal phrase.

The chorus, which is clearly divided into male and female groupings, represents Philip's hunting party, courtiers and counsellors and ladies in waiting, slaves and attendants to Olympias, Hermione and Euridice. They never meet up until Act III, when there is a ten-minute SATB procession of the twelve Olympian Gods to celebrate the marriage of Alexander of Epirus with Philip's daughter Hermione. I feel this plan has created an effective use of vocal texture. I have been very conscious of creating melodic lines in both the vocal parts and orchestra, a

Costume design by
Joyce Conwy Evans
for *Olympias* in
Act III. Photograph
by Brian Souter



difficult task in music which is mainly chromatic (although relying heavily on tonal centres) and sometimes twelve-note, but themes and melodic lines cannot exist just for themselves. They must suggest and imply harmony, and most important of all they grow out of the entire dramatic content of the scene or work. The music must reflect the drama and overall shape of an Act (and indeed of the whole opera) and it can colour the moods and characters.

There are three Acts, the second in two separate scenes, and the music in each Act (except, of course, Act II) is continuous, employing a Monteverdi-type structure whereby recitative moves smoothly into aria and *vice versa*. I have also used *arioso*, which in the *King of Macedon* is a mixture of recitative and aria, using some kind of accompanying figure in the orchestra. This happens regularly in Act II and has been an effective way of overcoming considerable amounts of necessary and difficult dialogue. The orchestra, which is a small chamber orchestra of some thirty-five players, is rarely used all together but often relies on solo and small group work.

Charterhouse has given me a great opportunity, and I hope I have responded to it.

After writing libretti for six one-act operas I have naturally longed for a chance to write a full-length text. To have the chance for this, with every kind of encouragement and a performance in view was vastly exciting. Roger Steptoe and I had our subject given to us, for one of the boys at Charterhouse had written a play about the death of Philip of Macedon and the accession of his son, Alexander, which had seemed to the school authorities a good idea to develop. Plays do not easily translate into operas so I went back to the beginning of Robin Lane Fox's *Alexander the Great*, a book I had read and greatly admired, and in it I found all the material I needed. History gave us both story and characters about whose actions enough is known to be able to guess their feelings and to find words for their expression.

Philip, at the height of his military power, rejected his foreign queen Olympias, the mother of his son Alexander, already a successful young general. He married in her place a well born young Macedonian girl, niece of one of his counsellors. The girl, Euridice, was betrothed to Pausanias, a young officer in Philip's army who was a friend of Alexander and of his life-long companion, Hephaestion. Olympias took refuge with her brother King Alexander of Epirus, to whom her daughter and Philip's, Hermione, was to be married to strengthen a political alliance. By the time that this marriage was to be celebrated Euridice had a son, and it seemed possible that Alexander might be disinherited for this child. Philip planned a very grand wedding for his daughter, inviting all the Greek kings and princes who would, he hoped, be his allies in his next campaign. He commanded Olympias to come with her brother, the bridegroom, to the marriage, as well as his son Alexander. Pausanias, still deeply in love with Euridice, had also to be present, as part of his regimental duty, in Philip's bodyguard. It was at the climax of the ceremonies and celebrations that Pausanias found the moment to assassinate Philip, as a result of which Alexander became King of Macedon.

The first Act is set in Philip's palace at Pella, the second Act, in two scenes, takes place in Epirus; and the third at Aigai, where the tomb of Philip and a second tomb, not as yet fully excavated, have recently been discovered.

The story gave scope for dialogue, for duets, and for ensembles for the principals, and for a chorus, as well as for soliloquies, without breaking the surge of events. Variety of mood and pace, and contrast of texture, are the necessary structure of the word part of an opera which the librettist must offer to the composer. In his turn he may want more here, less there—an extra line, another verse—and the librettist must be ready to write these in or make excisions with what Shakespeare calls 'all convenient speed', even if it is sometimes most inconvenient. In this opera I have used two kinds of lines, a direct speech for the dialogue with a sort of rhythmic balance, which is, I think, as singable as it is speakable. In the actual songs, for a minstrel, for girls in attendance on the royalties, for a group of hunters and for a war song, I have indulged myself with the pleasures of rhyme.

I have now, in many different forms—solo songs, song cycles, choral works and operas—worked with seventeen composers. *King of Macedon*, and an operatic sequence, *The Brilliant and the Dark*, which I wrote for Malcolm Williamson, are the longest and most sustained works I have been asked for, and in both cases the composers have been generous and supportive. I have enormously enjoyed working with Roger Steptoe, and I think that we can both

cross our hearts and say 'never a peevish word have we spoken'. Our producer, Geoffrey Ford, has been involved from the beginning and so has the designer, Joyce Conwy Evans. These were ideal working conditions for us all, as we knew that performances were planned and that a fine cast of young singers had been engaged. In the care of the Headmaster and the head of the music department at Charterhouse, Brian Rees and William Llewellyn, we knew that we need not have the souls of lackeys to get a performance, though I should like to think that we have the souls of heroes to write our opera.

A Trip to Corsica

David Owen Norris

One of the more enjoyable parts of my recent sojourn in Paris was that portion of it I spent in Corsica. This visit came about in a manner worth chronicling. There exists in Paris an association of quasi-professional singers, which is called 'Atelier-Voix-Musique', the conjunction clearly being considered sufficiently rare to merit crystallisation in a title. Every Sunday this worthy body meets to sing through, or sometimes round, an opera; and on several occasions I have been able to assist (in both the Gallic and the Brittanic sense) in the function of accompanist, thus adding not only to my knowledge of the operatic repertoire, but also to my list of 'Conductors I'm afraid I have known'. The first time I went, I noticed particularly one of the songstresses who not only exuded Parisian *chic* and high B flats with equal aplomb but carried a bag containing what appeared at first sight to be a rat suffering from extreme malnutrition, but which on closer inspection proved to be a chihuahua called Neige (and those tempted to say 'neige neige, wink wink' will kindly leave the article). This exotic creature (the singer, I mean) approached me at the end of the rehearsal and asked me if I would like to accompany her in two concerts near the Bastille at the end of June. Reviewing my crowded schedule in a flash, which was all it took, and bearing my bank balance in mind, I accepted immediately. It was only towards the end of May, when she began to talk of air-fares and accommodation arrangements, that my alert mind first began to suspect something a little more distant than six stops on the Underground—and sure enough, tentative enquiries elicited the information that the concerts were to take place on the top end of the island of Corsica, near the town of Bastia.

More confusion was to arise later, for the singer, whose name is Michelle, regardless of the fact that the two concerts were in the same spot on consecutive days, had proposed to sing on each night the same programme. When this got fully home to the organisers, they rang Michelle to see if her accompanist couldn't hash up a solo recital for the second night. This, of course, is what I am all too capable of doing; but it was not easy for Michelle to find this out, since at that particular moment I was in the middle of a happy week in Munich, of which I remember little. Had I been in some comparatively sober city like Swansea or Newcastle-upon-Tyne, communication would doubtless have been much easier—but nonetheless, after several muddled phone calls and a mis-directed letter or two, we established a programme for a piano recital. And there the matter rested until the great day came for our departure.

Michelle's husband, Claude, a Corsican who looked like a cigarette advert, was to come with us, more to re-visit the scenes of his youth, I am persuaded, than from any mistrust of me. It was only after several days of his company that he revealed that he was a doctor; at which intelligence I went off quietly into a corner and remembered all the terrible things I'd been saying about the members of that possibly much-maligned profession. I was reminded of the occasion when an elderly gentleman invited me, a callow undergraduate, into the room he was using during a college conference, to join him in a glass of whisky, as the saying goes. He discovered I was an organist (I cannot deny it), and drew me out as to my opinions on bishops, clergy, those committed to their care, and their relationships with organists. My opinions on this thorny topic were predictable, and as I developed them with gusto I wondered if I were not becoming a bit technical. 'I don't know if you know anything about cathedrals at all?' I said, 'Well, yes' he gently replied, 'until a week ago I was the Bishop of Exeter'.

Corsica I can recommend. Its scenery is mountainous, its architecture Italian. Its people are almost aggressively sensual, inheriting as they do not only the obsession with sex, characteristic of the French, which leads to the assignation of gender to perfectly ordinary things like tables and chairs, but also the Italian ability to undress people with their eyes—a most useful accomplishment, I've always thought, which would leave the hands free for other, less utilitarian endeavours. They are distinguished from all other Frenchmen, moreover, by having once had the good sense to vote to become English—an admirable project nipped in the bud by Louis XV's outright purchase of the island: from whom remains a mystery; perhaps an early confidence trickster? Be that as it may, the island was bought, the Corsicans subdued, Napoleon born French, and the course of history changed. Indeed, I can think of no subsequent atrocity, from Hiroshima to the Albert Memorial, not directly attributable to this underhand piece of French chicanery.

Cheated of their dream of being able to be English, the Corsicans did the next best thing, and pretended to be Italian, much to the annoyance of the incoming French settlers. Eventually came a long period of quiescence, where the Corsicans muddled along quite happily, insulting their employers in their incomprehensible dialect, smiling the while in a friendly fashion. Emulating the Chinese, they hoped to be able to absorb rather than repel the invader; and they had almost succeeded when the receding tide of French colonialism set free a lot of industrious capitalists, all looking for some lazy natives to exploit. Corsica seemed ideal—and the old conflict flared up again, dressed up now as an ideological struggle between the forces of hard-working, virtuous yet unjust capitalism and lazy, amoral but scrupulously egalitarian communism; but in fact indistinguishable from the conflicts that seem to be so necessary to man, be they between French and English, Moors and Spaniards, or Bristol City and Bolton Wanderers.

A delightful example *in parvo* of this struggle was put before us at the very beginning of Michelle's recital. The concerts were held in a small, fashionable church outside Bastia, perched on top of a biggish mountain, and quite the last word in the picturesque, what with the elegant bell-tower, the view of the sea, and best of all

from the performers' point of view, the neatly serried ranks of parked cars belonging to the audience. This was largely composed of the better-off, French-orientated right-wing, who make the church, and in particular the restoration of its organ (in aid of which our concerts were given) their particular concern. Yet, on an occasion of such civic distinction, the guest of honour had to be the Mayor; and he, thanks to Bastia's prolific industry, and equally prolific workers, is a Communist. Now, it so happened that Michelle had had rather a bad throat which, despite all the resources of modern medicine, was affecting her top notes. Nonetheless, she bravely decided to carry on, as often happens with singers who are getting paid. I first noticed this when, at Oxford, a singer and I walked on to a stage to face an audience consisting of the organiser, his girl friend, my mother and father, and the singer's wife. I suggested we move the venue to the pub across the road, but the singer wouldn't hear of it, though the reasons he gave to me, who, as a student, was not getting paid, and had assumed the singer wasn't either, were vague in the extreme. It was only after the concert, when I saw the furtive envelope change hands, that the penny dropped. Well, Michelle decided to sing, but insisted that an announcement be made. And so M le Maire was asked if he would very kindly incorporate such an announcement in his speech of welcome; and to this end was given a sheet of paper with it all written down. He strode on to the platform and made a short speech about the importance of music and culture being brought within easy reach of the masses, at which his audience shifted in their expensive seats; and then he glanced at the paper. After a moment's thought, he shrugged his shoulders and walked down to the back of the church, where he had some congenial cronies for company. I liked him from that moment on.

I was surprised that the audience was so numerous, since the church was a long way from the town, and even in a car was not easy to reach. I was staying at the foot of the same mountain: but, like Alice through the looking-glass, we had to set off in the opposite direction and climb respectively one-third and two-thirds of the way up two other and quite separate mountains before arriving at journey's end. The roads were narrow and tortuous, but the drivers didn't allow that to retard their progress. At every bend they gave a blast on the horn; and if this blast were answered from around the corner, we would skid to a theatrical halt, and then hold our breaths as the cars edged past each other, one scraping along the rocky wall, to the permanent detriment of its paintwork, the other teetering on the edge of a terrifying and quite unfenced precipice. It is perhaps this uncertainty in travelling that renders the Corsicans so unconcerned about punctuality. Michelle's concert was billed for 9.00, but the organiser told us that she didn't expect anyone much before 9.15. In fact, we waited longer still, for it happened to be the feast of St Joan, when the Corsicans have their Bonfire Night; and it was thought that some people would come on to the concert when their fireworks ran out. They did, and when we began at 9.40 the church was quite full—and it became fuller as the evening wore on and further bands of revellers, progressively drunker and more vocal, joined the throng. The last lot came in just before the last song, about ten past eleven, and kept up a running commentary throughout. I was luckier in choice of date, and was able to begin only twenty-five minutes late, after the football match had finished on the television.

During the morning Michelle had asked whether someone could record her recital—just a cassette, she said, laughing, to check the mistakes. Our hosts fell to the telephone with a will, and in the afternoon we all set off to visit the local sono enthusiast, and to have a look round his studio. Claude, who was driving, expressed a worry about finding the house. 'You can't miss it', said our hostess; 'it's the only house with a Siberian wolf running about in the garden'. And a very large and loud one it was. Neige the dog, who had come with us, very nearly provided it with an after-luncheon snack, but eventually we all got safely inside. 'He always gets a bit fractious in the heat', explained his indulgent owner, George, who now sat us in a solemn ring in his studio, the walls and ceilings of which were covered with carpet and egg-boxes, and proceeded to demonstrate his equipment. We were first isolated from each other by elaborate headphones, and then handed duplicated sheets headed 'Have your recital recorded', 'How to make a record', and, in my case, though I think this was an accident, 'How to look after a Siberian wolf'. Next, George put on his masterpiece, a recording of Honegger's *King David*, and as it played, shrieked his comments into our muffled ears. 'No background noise', he went, and we politely shook our heads. 'What a spread of dynamic'—we nodded. 'Not often you hear such a good stereophonic adjustment'—we exchanged appreciative glances. 'It's a very fine performance too', I ventured; but George looked at me with complete incomprehension. Perhaps it was my accent. He showed us his microphones and tape-decks and exposure-meters and I-don't-know-what, and told Michelle that she'd have a recording to be proud of. 'I only wanted a little cassette', she said diffidently. George froze. 'Madame', he said icily, 'I may be an amateur, but my standards are professional'. We all hastened to soothe his wounded feelings; and at the church that night he sat in the very middle of the audience before a vast control-panel like something out of *Doctor Who*, immaculate in dark suit and earphones, twiddling now this knob, now that, for all the world like a rather dapper spider in the centre of a web of flex; while all round us, peering from every angle, were set microphones like a regiment of inquisitive praying mantises.

We had also had the full attention of the local lighting experts. They had put a projector at the back of the church, and it was their intention to show coloured films of Mediterranean landscapes, projected on to the white ceiling, throughout the recital. Fortunately we got wind of this plan, and were able to forestall it. Still more ingenuity had been lavished on the illumination of the stage. Coloured lights had been cunningly concealed from the audience—taped to the wings of angels, interposed between the Infant Jesus and his source of nourishment, or peeping coyly up St Lucy's skirt. Unfortunately, so many lights had been brought into play that the electricity supply was unable to cope with both them and George—and shortly before we were ready to start, we were plunged into a sudden darkness by the failure of a fuse which required several minutes to locate and replace. The impression given by the lights to the audience was of a mysterious kaleidoscope, with Michelle's face changing from green to red to yellow as she swayed on her feet; and with my hands blue in the treble; white in the bass, and disappearing altogether in the shadow in the middle. For us the effect was so much less happy that I accidentally unplugged some of the lights during the interval. It is not for me to report on the excellence of our

performances that evening; and modesty still further forbids that I describe my own recital of the following day.

The next day after that I had nothing to do, and set about it with vigour. First of all I walked about the pretty part of Bastia; round the harbour, in and out of narrow streets, across decaying squares, past walls well-daubed by men of principle, down steps, up slopes, through frowning gates, until at last I reached the heart of Bastia, the Citadel. Here, set amongst the washing and the starving cats, and haloed all about with a very nasty smell, is a church. The signpost proclaims it to be the interesting church of the Sacred Heart, with, as it earnestly assures the faithful pilgrim, a very holy crucifix. Within, it is beautiful; and for the sum of one franc the tourist may illuminate, not only the very holy crucifix, which is doubtless rendered thereby much more efficacious, but also several statues of the Coronation of the BVM, and a painting of Christ baring his breast which looks like a diagram for 'I am Jack's Heart' in *Reader's Digest*. I was most unchristianly annoyed when some other visitors came in and reaped the benefit of my franc without even realising it. I went back to the flat I was using, to restore my jaded energies with quite the worst bottle of wine I'd ever tasted, and then set off in the opposite direction to walk along the coast.

As I walked I realised with a sense of shock that there was an island on the horizon where no island had been before—a big mountainous one, too, none of your apologetic Isles of Wight. And after passing through a village and emerging to a clear view of the sea once more, I saw that there was another, slightly smaller, to the north. And after the next village, there was yet another, much smaller, a little way to the south of the first. It was for all the world as it they were creeping up and meditating an assault: I felt much as Goldilocks would have done if she'd had one eye open as the Three Bears closed in on the bed. I hailed a passing native. 'Where have these islands come from?', I asked, 'and what are they called?' He studied me for a minute, and then, with infinite reluctance, told me that to see the Isle of Elba was a sign of bad weather—it was the wind coming, blowing away the habitual haze and cloud. 'Elba?', I said, interested, as would anyone have been who first learnt what a palindrome was through its agency. 'Which is that?' He hesitated, and then pointed to Mummy Bear, as it were. 'And what are the others?', I persisted, thirsty for knowledge. But he was tired of the unmannerly questioning, and slouched off, blowing his nose in the gutter in such a way as to leave no doubt whatever as to his opinion of me. In the next village I stopped at a café, and chatted to a much better-disposed informant, who told me that Mummy Bear was called something she'd forgotten, Elba was *Daddy Bear*, while the remaining one was called Monte Cristo. This latter I put down to mere fiction-inspired raving; but the next person I asked (for I was the Elephant's Child that afternoon) affirmed that there was indeed an island of that name; the medium-sized one to the north, she said. The last word on the subject was given by my hostess the next day, who told me that Monte Cristo had not been visible the day before. The interest of the islands led me farther than I'd intended along the coast road, and by the time I had retraced my steps to my flat, my right foot was proving unreliable, protesting against the stony paths, the hot day, and the very unsuitable footwear I'd got on. It required another interview with the wine-bottle before I could summon up the enthusiasm to walk all the way back into

Bastia to find dinner. It was unfortunate that this was to be my last meal on the island, as I have no very happy memories of it. I ordered half a bottle of white wine, which was quite awful. Nonetheless, Welsh frugality put the claims of my palate temporarily in beyance, and I managed to drink about a glass and a half; which later proved a very great mistake. And, on leaving the restaurant, I discovered that I could barely put my right foot to the ground. It took me an hour to walk back; and it was only the lusty recitation of various homely words of an Anglo-Saxon origin that enabled me to make it up the final hill. I slept little.

Eager memorisers of my earlier article for this *Magazine* [see No 215, Autumn 1977—Ed] will have no need of a description of my behaviour getting on to an aeroplane; but had I known what awaited immediately after taking off from Bastia, I would have been less likely on this occasion to rush on to the plane as if I were going to enjoy it. The wind had again swept away the haze obscuring the three islands, and was merely biding its time to sweep us away too. As soon as we rose above the level of the mountains it was upon us, tossing us now up, now down, and letting us rock as the pilot made adjustments while assuring us in the most atrocious English and incomprehensible French that there was nothing to worry about. It was lost upon no-one that this is exactly what he would have said even if there had been, and I sank back in my seat, making the comforting realisation that I was not afraid of Death, but also the far less comforting one that I was terrified of Dying. Desperate for distraction, I thought to myself, 'How sorry everyone will be'—but, perhaps fortunately for my self-esteem, the matter has not as yet been put to the test.

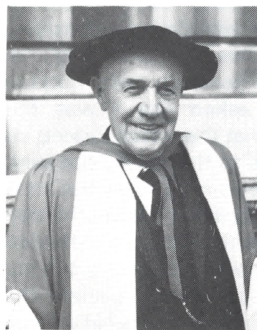
Obituary **Frederick T Durrant** **1895–1978**

Terence Lovett

Frederick Durrant was a real man of Devon. It was a surprise to all to know that he was born in Beer as long ago as May 1895. No less a shock was his death in January of this year.

Overcoming early ill-health, he completed his education at Exeter Cathedral and the Royal Academy of Music. His life-long companion until her death in March 1975 was his wife, Gladys Louise (Satterley). They had no children but adopted John Satterley, his wife's sister's son, when he became fatherless at the age of three.

His was a very distinguished career in music. Early on he obtained his B Mus at Durham and later was awarded the D Mus by the University of London. It is interesting to note his personal pride in obtaining his Doctorate as an internal student at the University of London without being forced to go through the preliminaries of a B Mus degree at this University. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and also a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. He held the post of Dean of the Faculty of Music, University of London, from 1960 to 1966. His varied career obtained for him the posts of organist and choirmaster, first at St Peter's Church, West Harrow, and later at St Mathias's, Earls Court,



Photograph by
Douglas Hawkrige

St Augustine's, Kilburn, St Marks, Hamilton Terrace, St John's Wood, Pinner Parish Church and, at the time of his death, at St Edmund-the-King, Lombard Street, EC3. He was a fastidious musician and for a time he was conductor of the Florian Lady Singers. In his will he left generous sums of money to both the RAM and the RCO to found prizes. He also left to both these institutions his books and musical manuscripts. It was in the field of composition that he showed his particular talents, with a Quintet for clarinet and strings and a later Quintet for piano and strings for which he was awarded the Albert Clements Prize in 1940 and 1941. He wrote a number of orchestral works, but I think it was particularly to his credit that he wrote with such refinement works for choir and madrigal groups.

Freddie Durrant spent a number of years on the 'top floor' of the RAM. So many students will remember with affection the time they spent at his hands preparing their various written works. I think the greatest impression I received was always the warmth of his affection and the understanding which he showed as my professor of harmony and composition and, of course, through his interest in aural training. There he would sit at the piano, pencil poised, well-sharpened and a rubber at hand. His quick, unerring judgement would always be available to guide the hesitant student. Intermingled with his musical judgement was a generous smattering of practical commonsense. He was very much a 'true blue' and one felt that here was a real rock who was so very dependable and always ready to give wise counsel. He was more interested in work than he was in social life and one could say that during his Professorship he packed twice the amount in every day. Not for him the odd five minutes off the lesson time. He worked strictly to the clock for the benefit of us all, and for those who understand the problems of teaching and the sense of isolation which can be felt in the lecture room of a harmony professor, he showed a warm sense of occasion for all.

He was no stuffy, dyed-in-the-wool merchant. He was a man of considerable talents. His recreation was of a highly sensitive nature which he expressed in oil painting. He was thoroughly true to others and himself and I must be one of many who owe him the fullest debt of gratitude for the example he set, both as a musician and as a person. When we are students it is so important that we appreciate the special qualities of our teachers and I, for one, can only remember Freddie Durrant as a kind, loving man.

Ethel Kennedy **1891–1979**

Sybil Barlow

When I was asked to write about the much loved and respected Ethel Kennedy, I was more than pleased—not only at the opportunity of paying tribute to her, but because the doing of it would bring back so many happy memories.

I entered the RAM in 1918, and Ethel was then coming to the end of her studentship. The first sight I had of her was that of a petite, charming-looking young woman coming up to receive a prize (incidentally, she remained thus sweet and attractive all her days). The prize in question was the Ridley Prentice Memorial Prize for the best teaching by a Sub-Professor, which award was to prove a pointer to her subsequent reputation as a brilliantly successful and sympathetic teacher.



Photograph by
Tomas Jaski

When, in due course, I completed my student period, and joined the Professorial Staff, Ethel and I began an association as colleagues and close friends—a relationship which was to continue until she died, earlier this year. At first we were concerned mainly with the work of the Junior Department, but later our interests widened to cover the whole scale of the activities of the RAM.

Ethel's teaching also included posts at two girls' schools, and during the Second World War, one of these, Ravenscroft, was evacuated from Eastbourne to North Devon. Consequently, Ethel, being obliged to leave her London flat, accompanied them there, and made this her home for the duration. At that time my friend Milly Stanfield and I were giving cello and piano recitals at schools in aid of the Red Cross, and on one occasion we had the great pleasure of going to play at Ravenscroft and so having a reunion with Ethel.

Eventually, the time was to come when the pattern of Ethel's life underwent a complete change, and she resigned her Professorship to marry Charles Jacobs—a kind and generous man, very interested in music. The two of them were to be seen constantly at Academy functions, and together they planned the magnificent bequest to the RAM, which resulted in the creation of what came to be styled as 'Ethel Kennedy-Jacobs House', a Hall of Residence for students.

The friendship between Ethel and myself remained steadfast throughout our individual lives, and we had many happy contacts. An example of her loyalty was her support of my recitals at the Wigmore Hall, which she always attended with her husband and her dear friend and companion, Elizabeth Moat.

Ethel Kennedy-Jacobs will surely be remembered by us all as a personality of real significance.



Ethel Kennedy-Jacobs House, Champion Hill, London SE5

Egerton Tidmarsh 1898–1979

Vivian Langrish



Photograph by
Douglas Hawkridge

To be asked to write about Egerton Tidmarsh, or Bob as he was affectionately known to his friends, is both a privilege and a challenge because it is extremely difficult to find adequate words with which to do him justice. We were the closest of friends since our student days at the RAM some sixty-odd years ago and so I feel I know more about him than many of our mutual colleagues.

The earliest record of our budding friendship is on a Chamber concert programme of 12 March 1913 when we both appeared. His item reads 'First movement from Trio in D minor, Mendelssohn—Master Egerton Tidmarsh, Miss Winifred Small and Master Tito Barbirolli'—a famous and brilliantly talented trio. I was playing the Benjamin Dale Sonata which I mention because we were constantly studying and playing the same works including the Franck *Prélude, Choral et Fugue*, Beethoven's 'Appassionata' Sonata and many others.

His musical career dates from 1908, when at the Sutton Festival he won a piano at the age of ten. In 1912 he won the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship and became a student at the Academy, a proud moment because his future teacher Tobias Matthay was the first winner of the same scholarship. Although, officially, a pupil of Matthay's sister, Dora, 'Tobs' himself took a great interest in the highly gifted boy and in due course he became a regular pupil of Matthay. It is not generally known that Bob had leanings towards composition and won the Hine Gift with a charming song. In 1913 he won another piano at the Bristol Eisteddfod but did not keep it because he had already been awarded one. At the Academy he won many prizes including the Macfarren Gold Medal, and was twice chosen to play at the Annual Prizegiving.

In 1914 our respective paths converged more closely when he succeeded me in winning the Liszt Scholarship, since when, except for a brief period during the First World War, we were in ever-increasingly close association.

A great event was his first London recital at Queen's Hall in 1919, about the same time that our long association as a two-piano team commenced. The Proms with Sir Henry Wood saw us together in Bach concertos, and we were playing in many parts of the country. One of our proudest recollections was the first performance in England of Saint-Saëns's *Le Carnaval des Animaux*. During all this time Bob was also doing a lot of solo playing, and his performance of the Bach-Busoni *Chaconne* at a Wigmore Hall recital still lives in the memories of those who heard it. I shall never forget it! The Press were unanimous in their glowing opinions of his playing, agreeing about the mastery and breadth of his interpretations. He was, too, one of the first to broadcast from '2LO'. He was elected to the piano staff of the RAM in 1922.

Now, what of Tidmarsh the person? His was a nature the component parts of which were complete sincerity, deep serenity, tremendous zest and vitality, breadth of vision and a keen sense of humour. His remarkable warmth broke through in his playing to bring a wonderfully satisfying and uplifting result. How I always envied him his truly magnificent tone! I shall always remember his playing of the Mozart and Bax Sonatas for two pianos, two of the most moving experiences I have ever had.

It is difficult to sum up his unique qualities. I feel he inherited them from his father. He was a magnificent artist and we are the losers by his passing but the gainers by his example. We salute you, Bob, in deep gratitude and affection.

Antony Hopkins: *Downbeat Music Guide* (OUP, £1.95)
Betty Roe: *Short Sonata* for guitar, and *Introduction and Allegretto* for harp and piano (Thames Publishing)
Roy Teed: *Six easy Solos* for guitar, edited by Hector Quine (Ricordi)
Franz Reizenstein: *Serenade in F*, Op 29 (Boosey & Hawkes)
Delius: *Sonata in B* for violin and piano (Boosey & Hawkes, £5)
Peter Maxwell Davies: *Miss Donnithorne's Maggot* (Boosey & Hawkes, £7)

Antony Hopkins's *Downbeat Music Guide* is a cross between the more serious type of musical 'definition' book and something just for fun. The cartoons (by Marc) are charming without ever reaching the inspired lunacy of Hoffnung. Samples of the definitions include: *Cadenza*—'The orchestra's favourite part of a solo concerto, when they can get on with reading *Playboy* etc'; and *Supertonic*—'Gin, Worcester Sauce and a pinch of bi-carb. Also the second degree of the scale'. Occasional coy touches (such as *Gruppetto*—'Small Italian pop group idolised by teenibopperini') I found a shade off-putting, but on the whole I would recommend the book as a nice gift for a musical friend, and it is not over-priced.

Next two short works by Betty Roe, whose contribution to the musical scene has not always been given due recognition. Both her pieces are examples of her ability to work within a clearly defined tonal framework and still produce music that is at once vital and assured, as well as instrumentally idiomatic. And while on the subject of guitar music, much credit should go to Roy Teed for a set of six pieces (edited by Hector Quine) designed for the 'less-than-virtuoso' guitarist, which are sensitive, clear-textured and, I should imagine, a delight to play.

Franz Reizenstein's *Serenade* for wind instruments and double bass dates from 1951 and is a substantial composition in five movements employing clear contrapuntal textures, a sense of fun, but above all a sympathetic and continuously idiomatic use of each individual instrument. It seems fashionable these days to think it reprehensible for a composer showing evidence of a thoroughly assimilated technique plus a fine ear for sonority to be still in some way unacceptable unless he subscribes to the latest trends—as if novelty really matters. Reizenstein is a case in point, and I would venture to suggest that most professional musicians playing his music find it a rewarding experience, from every point of view.

Delius's *Sonata* of 1892 will be of interest to both violinists and Delius lovers. I found the outer movements a little too rhetorical for my own taste, but the central *Andante* has a simple lyrical warmth that is most appealing. Finally, a full score of Peter Maxwell Davies's *Miss Donnithorne's Maggot*, 'a work of music theatre' cast very much in the style of his previous theatre piece, *Eight Songs for a Mad King*, and containing the same kind of histrionics. The principal character of this particular piece will be more familiar to us as Miss Haversham from Dickens's *Great Expectations*. Not having witnessed a performance, I cannot say if I would enjoy it at all, for it must rest rather heavily on the visual aspect, and also on the individual's response to the larger-than-

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

At the RAM from 1914 until 1920, and associating with the Academy until his death in France in September 1926, was an American Negro musician named Edmund T Jenkins. Mr Jenkins edited the *Academite* Magazine for twelve editions (it ended in 1923, after its eighteenth edition), and organised a social club in London for coloured people called 'The Côtérie of Friends', which put on a concert with RAM students in December 1919. If any reader has any recollections of Mr Jenkins, of 'The Côtérie of Friends', or of the *Academite*, would they please contact me, as I am investigating the life and work of Edmund Jenkins. I am associating with the author John Chilton in this research, and he or I have contacted Mr Vivian Langrish and Miss Winifred Small, as well as your own Miss Jane Harington and Mrs Luisa Berra. I hope that you will be able to help me. Miss Small was very informative, and my investigations elsewhere show that Mr Jenkins is remembered despite the years that have passed since his time in England (1914-26) and his early death in 1926.

Yours faithfully

Jeffrey P Green

18 Batemans Court,
Forestfield,
Furnace Green,
Crawley,
West Sussex RH10 6PS

Notes about Members and others

Alan Bush's fourth opera, *Joe Hill, the Man who never died*, composed to a libretto by Barrie Stavis in 1966-8 and first performed in Berlin in 1970, has recently been recorded by the BBC, for transmission later this year. With it the BBC completes its series of broadcasts of all four of Alan Bush's full-length operas (the others are *Wat Tyler*, *Men of Blackmoor*, and *The Sugar Reapers, or Guyana Johnny*), which have received, in all, twelve professional productions in ten different European opera houses: a total of over 160 performances. As Dr Bush points out, there is no British composer whose operatic works can compare in success with this figure, except Benjamin Britten—and Rutland Boughton, whose *The Immortal Hour* enjoyed more than 1,000 performances, but very few in any country other than Great Britain. 'Balfe, with *The Bohemian Girl*, of course beats the lot of us', he adds, 'but he was Irish, and cannot therefore be correctly numbered among British composers.'



This photograph was taken on 13th March 1979, when the distinguished cellist Zara Nelsova came to the Academy to receive the award of Hon RAM. She is seen here with the Stradivarius cello of 1726 which belongs to the Academy but is hers to use during her lifetime. The other instruments, all 'Strads', all belong to the RAM and are (left to right) violins of 1694 (Kenneth Sillito) and 1736 (Ralph Holmes), a viola of 1696 (Max Gilbert) and a violin of 1699 (Colin Sauer). The Academy's fourth Stradivarius violin (1718), on loan to Peter Cropper, is not shown. Photograph by Joseph Coomber

John Tavener's *The Immurement of Antigone* received its first performance on 30 March in the RFH, with Vivien Townley and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Wolfgang Rennert.

Ralph Holmes celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his début recital at the Wigmore Hall with another recital there in the Master Series on 17 October. Geoffrey Pratley will be playing with him. On 22 February this year they took part in the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Ernest Read in the Duke's Hall. At the Fairfield Hall in Croydon in 1976 Ralph Holmes played the Mendelssohn violin Concerto with the RPO to mark the occasion when he performed the same work twenty-five years earlier (at the age of thirteen) at an Ernest Read concert for children.

Cornelius Cardew's *February Pieces*, *Solo with Accompaniment*, *Autumn 60*, *Winter Potatoes*, and *The Great Learning Paragraph 3*, all composed during the 1960s, were performed in the ICA Theatre on 28 January, by the Goldsmiths Chamber Group and Choir directed by John Tilbury (piano).

Enid Quiney was the harpist in Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* with the Trinity Boys' Choir (conductor David Squibb) at the Churchill Theatre, Bromley, on 8 December. She regularly tours with a group (which includes another former RAM student, the

soprano Soo Bee Lee) presenting a poetry and music programme. Venues include stately homes, churches and schools in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Yorkshire and Cheshire.

Last summer Sioned Williams represented Wales in the Commonwealth Carnival in Edmonton, Canada. Since then she has given a Wigmore Hall recital together with Richard Suart and Susan Cook, as a winner of the ISM Young Artists' Scheme, and a lunch-time recital in the Camden Festival. In addition, she performed in an 'audio-visual' concert on the harp at the Victoria & Albert Museum, and gave the first performance of Cyril Lloyd's *Gethsemane* in the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Festival at Christ Church, Spitalfields, in addition to numerous concertos and recital tours.

Margaret Judd's *Dawn*, for piano, has been published by Bosworth.

June Keyte's Kingsmead Singers recently completed ten years of BBC recording, during which time they have made over 250 broadcasts. This is the longest period any school choir has been on radio.

The Messiter-Taylor Trio (Christine Taylor, soprano, Malcolm Messiter, oboe, and Clara Taylor, piano), formed after a successful Norwegian tour in November, made its London début at the Purcell Room on 28 May. Other Purcell Room recitals have been given by Elizabeth Hunt, violin, and John Blakely, piano (5 February), David Roblou, harpsichord (19 February), Kathryn Harries, soprano, and Clara Taylor, piano (8 April), and Tessa Uys, piano (23 April).

Distinctions

FRAM

Jean Anderson; Timothy Baxter, B Mus (Lond); Alan Harverson; Keith Harvey; Mary Nash; Dennis Simons; Martino Tirimo; Gareth Walters

Hon RAM

Samuel Barber, D Mus (Harvard); Norman Feasey; Simon Harris, MA, B Mus (Oxon); Anthony Hopkins, CBE, Hon FRCM; Michael Gough Matthews, FRCM, ARCO; Anthony Pini, Hon RCM; Frederick Riddle, FRCM; Gennadi Rozhdestvensky; Renata Scheffel-Stein; Dame Joan Sutherland, DBE, AC; Kendall Taylor, Hon ARCM; Ian Wallace, MA (Cantab)

ARAM

Christopher Adey; Gwendoline Berryman; Virginia Black; Jonathan Cohen; Malcolm Hill, M Mus RCM, B Mus (Dunelm), FRCO; Mary Leaf; Alan Lockwood; Graham Matthews; Celia Nicklin; David Rendall; Jennifer Sharp

Hon ARAM

Ray Allen; Lt-Col Alan Faith; Peter Holman, M Mus (Lond); Gerald McDonald, Hon MA (Liverpool), FRSA

Deaths

Maj-Gen R L Bond, CB, CBE, DSO, MC, Hon FRAM, 13 May 1979

M E Gwen Dodds, Mus B (Cantab), Hon RAM, 4 April 1979

Isobel Fulton (*née* McLaren), ARAM, 5 February 1979

Ethel Jacobs (*née* Kennedy), FRAM, 26 March 1979

George Rogers, Hon ARAM, 6 May 1979

RAM Awards

LRAM Diploma, March/April 1979

Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition (Composers) Terence Cathrine, Stuart Rush

Piano (Performer's) Rohan De Silva, Simon Shewring

Piano (Teacher's) Vincent Barr, Glynis Boyer, Robbie Cathcart, Gerrard Dale, Kevin Dowson, Michael Dussek, Pamela Goffin, Jean Hunt, John Moore, Mark Snee, Elsa Stone, Heather Toyn

Organ (Teacher's) Louise Bex, Robert Moore

Singing (Performer's) Julie Hunter

Singing (Teacher's) Sally-Ann Ardouin, Jillian Baines, Sally Daley, Hilary Elliott, Frances Jackson, Jane Talbot

Violin (Teacher's) Helen Boardman, Gordon Buchan, Diana Gould, Jeremy Metcalfe, Frances Stanhope, Justine Tomlinson

Viola (Teacher's) Paul Arnell, John Maw, Sonja Vorreyer

Cello (Teacher's) Mark Stephenson

Guitar (Teacher's) Roland Gallery

Flute (Performer's) Niamh Cusack

Oboe (Teacher's) Katherine Arkell, Alastair Nichol

Bassoon (Teacher's) Tracey Walker

Trumpet (Teacher's) Fergus Andrew, Nicholas Breeze, David Price

Horn (Teacher's) Karen Adams

Timpani and Percussion (Teacher's) David Fraser, Paul Patrick

RAM Club News

William Llewellyn

22 February, the centenary of the birth of Ernest Read, CBE, saw a celebration in the Duke's Hall, sponsored by Helen Read and the RAM Club. The many guests were received by Helen Read and by Rex Stephens, the Club's President. After the refreshments and many reunions, Rex Stephens welcomed us all: then Helen Read, looking and sounding younger and brighter than ever (and, incidentally, the only lady I know who *really* understands how to use a microphone) spoke to us of the ways in which Ernest's work is still being carried on. Noel Cox reminded us of what a remarkable career Ernest had had, and of his pioneer work in so many fields, and then came the music, which was memorable.

Ralph Holmes and Geoffrey Pratley, two of Ernest Read's own young men, gave us a beautifully persuasive account of Delius's third violin Sonata, following it with a taut, springy and exhilarating performance of Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Janet Craxton had arranged a splendid team of players, all connected with ERMA. They were (in addition to herself): Elmer Cole, George Caird, David Campbell, Michael Penny, Alan Civil, Shirley Hopkins, Geoffrey Gambold, and Joanna Graham, and we were treated to a sunny performance of Gounod's wind Symphony. All of us there had memories of Ernest Read, and the sounds of the music conjured up for us his own mixture of warmth, infectious enthusiasm, friendliness, energy and urgency: the Mozart encore had the fire bell thrown in for good measure! If Ernest Read had walked in at any time during the evening I don't think anyone would have been surprised.

It was an occasion full of old friends and memories—but we were not nostalgic, for that would imply a longing for something which is past and will never come again, and we all know that Ernest Read lives on and that the indefatigable Helen has fixed it so that his work will go on for ever. What a delightful evening! Many thanks to all concerned.

Helen Read with
Sir Anthony Lewis.
Photograph by
Artricia



Alterations and additions to List of Members

Town Members

Bedford, Steuart, 14 Delaware Mansions, Delaware Road, London W9

Callaghan, Timothy, 53 Compton House, Guildford Court, University of Surrey, Guildford GU2 5XH

Crompton, Anthea, 28 Winscombe Crescent, London W5

Humphrey, Graeme, 35 Paget Road, London N16

Li-Lin, Teo, 54 Poplar Grove, Wembley, Middlesex

Country Members

Bold, Gillian, 107 Almonds Green, West Derby, Liverpool L12 5HR

Cratchley, Alison, 2 Clarke's Spring, Tring, Hertfordshire HP23 50L

Hay, Mr & Mrs J, 28 Southgate, Cranswick, Nr Driffield, Yorkshire

Railton, John, 24 Eynsford Court, Hitchin, Hertfordshire

Richardson, Mrs S C, 11 Warrel's Court, Hough Lane, Bramley, Leeds LS13 3EL

Overseas Members

Pateman, Mrs Mary, c/o Prof J A Pateman, Dept of Genetics, Research School of Biological Sciences, Australian National University, Box 475, Canberra ACT 2601, Australia

Revell, Shelagh, Kromme Mijdrecht Str 93, Amsterdam, Holland
Veen, Mrs J S Caderius van, 'H' Troop, 3 Sqn, 22 Signals Regiment, BFPO 107, Germany

Student Members

Cuddy, Sister Madelaine, *c/o RAM*
Hegibuchi, Toyomi, *c/o RAM*

RAM Concerts

Spring Term

Symphony Orchestra

22 March

Britten Four Sea Interludes from 'Peter Grimes', Op 33a

Delius Cello Concerto

Brahms Symphony No 4 in E minor, Op 98

Conductor Maurice Handford

Soloist Anne Baker (cello)

Leader Tina Gruenberg

Chamber Orchestra

6 February

Haydn Symphony No 30 in C ('Alleluja')

Schumann Piano Concerto in A minor, Op 54

Britten Suite on English Folk Tunes, Op 90

Mozart Symphony No 39 in E flat, K 543

Conductor Steuart Bedford

Soloist Timothy Barratt (piano)

Leader Stephen Rouse

Choral Concert

15 March

Britten Fanfare for David Webster*

Dvořák Te Deum, Op 103

Britten Spring Symphony, Op 44

Conductors Noel Cox, Sidney Ellison*

Soloists Gillian Macdonald, Elizabeth Priday (sopranos), Marilyn Bennett (contralto), Gareth Roberts (former student) (tenor), Christopher Bull (baritone)

Leader Tina Gruenberg

Boys' choir from Colet Court (Director of Music Ian Hunter)

Repertoire Orchestra

16 March

Walton Overture 'Scapino'

Elgar Cello Concerto in E minor, Op 85

Britten Scottish Ballad for two pianos and orchestra, Op 26

Britten Sinfonia da Requiem, Op 20

Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: David E Robertson, Rupert Bond, Philip White
Soloists Julia Desbruslais (cello), John Moore, Vincent Barr (pianos)

Leader Teresa De Saulles

Training Orchestra

21 March

Bridge Tone Poem 'Summer'

Delius Two Pieces for small orchestra

Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor, Op 64

Britten Soirées Musicales, Op 9

Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Roland Saggs, Gavin Lee, Keith Sivyer

Soloist Penelope Wayne

Leader Vickie Ringguth

Westmorland Concerts, in the Purcell Room, were given on 7 March by the Lontano Ensemble (Ingrid Culliford, David Rix, Elizabeth Hunt, Tanya Hunt, Odaline de la Martinez, James Wood); on 21 March by the New Art Piano Trio (Jane Perks, Janet Masters, David Perks), Judith Jeffrey (mezzo-soprano) and Jennifer Coultas (piano); and on 4 April by Corinne-Anne Frost (cello), Alan Gravill (piano), Anne Mason (contralto), Margaret Lamb (viola), and David Owen Norris (piano). In addition to regular Tuesday and Wednesday lunchtime concerts, evening recitals were given by Vanessa Scott (soprano) on 13 February, Robert Crowley (organ) on 26 February, and David perks (cello) on 13 March.

Opera

Chabrier 'L'Étoile'

1, 2, 5 and 6 March

Pufft the First Peter Crowe (former student)

Simoon Michael Neill

Sir Fretful Porpentine Jared Salmon

Quill David Ashmore

Lazuli Lesley Garrett

Princess Laoula Jill Washington

Lady Porpentine Paula Bott



Sir Fretful Porpentine, Princess Laoula, Lady Porpentine and Quill (Jared Salmon, Jill Washington, Paula Bott and David Ashmore)

L'Etoile. Photographs by
Nicholas Woodroffe



Lazuli (Lesley Garrett)

Lotus Blossom Hilary Musgrave
Tiger Lily Gill Cooper
Cactus Flower Julie Hunter
Honeysuckle Maria Ward
Snapdragon Joyce Barnes
Aspidistra Marilyn Bennett
Patacha Mark Fellows
Zalzal Christopher Bull
Chief of Police Richard Knott
The Mayor Stephen Williams
A page Geoffrey Dolton
Chorus Sally-Ann Arduin, Jacqueline Gourlay, Frances Jackson, Gillian Macdonald, Muriel McKenzie, Hilary Musgrave, Imogen Nicholls, Kathryn Phillifent, Diane Rees, Christine Teare, Robina Wason, Jean Rigby, Helen Willis, Clare Wilson, John Avey, Tom Ellis, Timothy Evans Jones, Nicholas Hardy, Charles Naylor, Dafydd Phillips, Laurence Washington
Director of Opera John Streets
Conductor Steuart Bedford
Producer Michael Geliot
Designers Iona McLeish, Tony McDonald
Lighting Graham Walne
Assistants to the Director Mary Nash, Gordon Kember
Assistant Conductor David E Robertson
Assistant Répétiteur Iain Ledingham
Movement Anna Sweeny
Stage Management Matthew Rose, Sarah Wicks, Catherine Rawstron, Paul Dyson, James Gray, Paul Maurel
Lighting Assistant Virginia Carr
Costume Supervisor Carole Phillips
Wardrobe Margaret Adams, Gill Cooper, Julie Hunter
Scenery Albert Cristofoli
Leader of Orchestra Stephen Rouse



Princess Laoula and King Pufft (Jill Washington and Peter Crowe)

Review Week

Review Week in the Spring Term (12-16 March) included the Choral Concert (Noel Cox) and the Repertoire Orchestra Concert (Maurice Miles), in both of which special emphasis was placed on the music of Benjamin Britten (the Composer of the Term), and there were several smaller-scale concerts devoted to Britten. Professor Peter Evans also gave a talk on 'Britten as a Performer's Composer'. There were lectures on the piano music of John Ireland (Eric Parkin), on Mozart's operas (Dr Goertz), and on the baroque trumpet (Crispian Steele-Perkins); and appearances by Jack Brymer and Joseph Cooper; and a version of the latter's television programme 'Face the Music' presided over by Rupert Bond.



The ornamental instruments illustrated here and on page 31 are from the wrought-iron balustrade of the Academy's main staircase. Photographs by Douglas Hawkrigge

Having spent most of the Spring Term watching innumerable performances of *La Bohème*, I look back now and feel as though the entire twelve weeks was an extended Act I. Apart from the unending Arctic weather and the 'curtain up' being a little too close to Christmas Eve for my liking, almost all of my time was spent making new acquaintances and initiating new projects. In fact, some of the most valuable work for several years was started and, as many of the projects begin to be realised, I want to thank the committee members who have given so much to the Union this year, and who do not have a Sabbatical Year like myself.

The most important venture had been suggested many times over the last five years or more. The aim was to arrange a student 'standby' scheme for London concerts whereby any unsold tickets could be purchased at a reduced price on the day of a concert. The negotiations in order to achieve this are highly complicated because so many organisations are involved in promoting London concerts, the concert halls are mostly publicly owned and managed, and all the orchestras are partly financed by the Arts Council *via* the London Orchestral Concerts Board. It is pleasing to note that the Society of West End Theatres has recently announced a 'standby' scheme for students. I am confident that such a scheme will be set up for concerts some time in the future, and we do not regret having committed so much Union time to the project.

Similarly, many hours have been spent attempting to arrange more accommodation for students by approaching and negotiating terms with landlords, many of whom are reluctant to let to students at all, let alone to a trumpet player, for example. Just how successful this has been remains to be seen, but so far at least another eight rooms have been promised with favourable terms. And it occurs to me that if any readers of this *Magazine* could offer accommodation, I would ask them to contact the Union or the Lady Superintendent.

Forward planning for the future development of the Union has occupied the minds of committee members throughout the term, and a review of the Constitution along with a complete revision of Union administration will certainly be of considerable help. The day-to-day management of the bar, shop and catering facilities has taken its toll on Union time and energies this year and plans are in hand to relieve students of the administrative work whilst retaining the responsibility for policy making within the relevant committees. We hope and expect that in future sporting activities and societies will be more prominent and financial assistance will be available from the Union. This has got off to an excellent start with a football match being arranged against the Paris Conservatoire—in Paris, naturally!

As to social events last term, the Max Collie Rhythm Aces entertained at the Valentines Ball and the London Tijuana Band were guests at the Easter Ball. The Real Ale Discos proved to be a continuing attraction and large numbers were present at all three during the term. On the last of these an inter-music college Pool and Darts Championship gave the Academy yet another opportunity to indulge in an exciting battle for supremacy amongst the London music colleges. Retribution was justly exacted for the unfortunate result of the 'University Challenge' last November, and the Academy teams, assisted by 36 gallons of

Young's Special Bitter, presented an exhilarating display of 'How to Win Games and Influence People'.

Review Week again contained suggestions from RAMSU, and one of the most enjoyable was undoubtedly 'An Hour With Joseph Cooper', during which Mr Cooper was interviewed by Deborah Woods, a piano student at the Academy. The hour was both informative and entertaining, with examples of the famous 'Hidden Melodies' given at the piano by Mr Cooper. The Academy has also been given an allocation of tickets for the next series of 'Face The Music' and we are most grateful to Mr Cooper for arranging this. A sponsored compose was held on the Monday and the proceeds are to go to AFASIC. The work, for chamber orchestra, was composed jointly by six student composers, and it is hoped that this masterpiece will be performed shortly. A theatre trip to see Dame Edna Everage needs little comment, and the 'Carry-On' type film *Raising The Wind* about the life of London music students was received with great gusto, although it proved to be a little too close to reality for me.

Rampages was produced four times during the term, and the readership widened considerably as a result of a battle of letters from conductors Rupert Bond and George Vass, sparked off by an alleged infringement of concert etiquette at an Informal Concert. I doubt, however, whether the canteen lost any trade as a result of our publishing menus for such culinary delicacies as Butter Beans and Mushroom Savoury, Pizza Pies or Pilchard Pies. And, finally, we were all indebted to tRomBa marina for his report on the RAM Ferret Bogling Society!

As my term of office draws to an end (unconnected with Act IV of *La Bohème*) I am grateful for the very valuable experience that I have gained this year and, above all, I simply want to thank everyone who has had the continuing patience to listen to my Yorkshire accent.

**The NCOS:
another view**
Rupert Bond

The Editorial comments in the last issue of the *RAM Magazine* were written at about the same time as I was writing a letter to the Director of the National Centre for Orchestral Studies, Basil Tschaikov. I feel unqualified to reply to the Editorial directly, but below is the outline of my letter. It may shed some light, perhaps rather obliquely, on the discussion in question. I would venture the following remarks first, however. With an annual intake of only 65–70 students by the NCOS, I think the music colleges have little to fear about their fourth- and fifth-year courses becoming redundant. (This is an average loss of 0.5 clarinettist per college.) Secondly, it would be a shame if the music colleges adapted a 'sour grapes' attitude to the new scheme. 'Our loss is music's gain' is surely a more balanced approach. (Suspicion of anything new is human nature.) Thirdly, although I am not disputing the Editor's claim that the Academy's training is 'comprehensive and thorough', there are shortcomings within the course offered. No music college can offer the twenty-one hours of orchestral rehearsal offered by the NCOS, which is nearer the norm of a professional orchestra. The fact that it is a centre for *orchestral* studies, with everything geared to that concept, rather than a music college offering a general course, should imply that certain

things that a music college is unable to supply can be catered for within this specialised course. Here is the substance of my letter to Basil Tschaikov.

'One only needs to ask the opinion of a few orchestral players to detect a general dissatisfaction with those "on the rostrum", and to realise that something needs to be done to improve the standard of the *average* professional conductor. Yet few institutions dare spend much on a fully comprehensive conducting course. I would refute the often quoted adage that a conductor is "born, not bred" to the extent of suggesting that trained talent has often more to offer than inborn potential. (Even though there may be a lack of creative ability). A positive step would be to ensure that anyone in front of a professional orchestra is properly trained in harmony, aural, orchestral instruments and history of musical interpretation—as *well* as possessing the intangible qualities of a conductor: sensitivity, intuition and leadership.

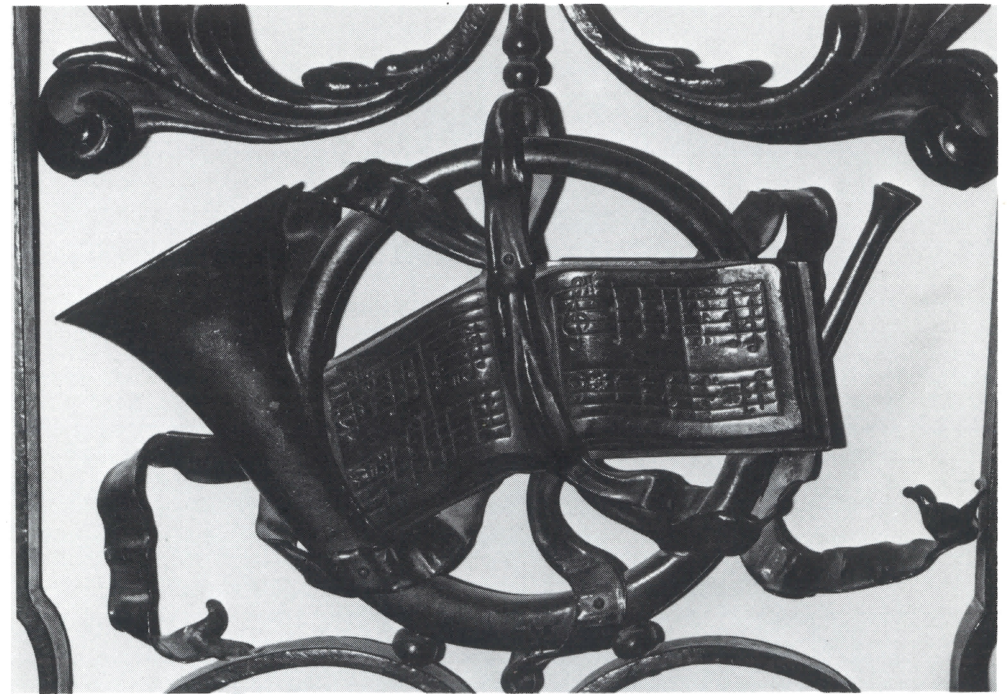
'The young conductor continually suffers from lack of "practice" on his instrument, the orchestra. This slows down the learning process, so that a conductor only "comes of age" in his forties—later than any other musician, including singers. With no well-trained route to follow, luck and environment affect the young "maestro's" career, although most choose between the opera house and the amateur orchestra circuit. What is needed, to bridge the gap between initial training and a top professional post, is an apprenticeship course. It would seem to be a natural extension of the NCOS's present scheme to include such a course. Even though it cannot be certain that a person possesses real talent until he is about thirty, the risk of taking on, say, two apprentices a year is surely worth taking.

'The only other possible short-cut to the "top" is by winning a competition. However, this way of establishing young conductors is somewhat precarious, with even less guarantee than most music competitions that the winner is justified, because of the time it takes to detect real potential. Also, with the John Player and Rupert Foundation competitions occurring every other year, and the John Barbirolli occurring every year (only a money prize), there is little educational value attached for most aspirants.

'I would mention two other points for consideration. When I showed Maurice Miles (Professor of Conducting at the RAM) a rough draft of this letter, he said that in the 1950s when the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra was started, he inaugurated an apprenticeship conductor's scheme there, with success. (All three candidates are established now.)

'Secondly, he stated that in his twenty-six years at the Academy, only one student possessed all the qualities necessary to "make the grade". This seems to support my reasons for creating an opportunity for improving the weak spots of so many young conductors. [At this point in the letter I submitted a list of suggestions as to how this course could be organised, bearing in mind the facilities that are at Goldsmith's College.]

'Many of these suggestions are not new. Neither is the state of music in this country. (Refer to the articles in *The Guardian* on the 19 and 20 February 1979, entitled "The Strings of Subsidy".) But with so much vision and foresight already evident in the NCOS project, a great opportunity is going to be lost if plans stop short of including a scheme for training those who direct the orchestras.'



The RAM Magazine

The *RAM Magazine* is published three times a year (in March, July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. **Copy for the Spring issue should arrive no later than 1 January, for the Summer issue 1 April, and for the Autumn issue 1 September and whenever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please.** All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

Some spare copies of issues 193, 199–200, 202–3, and 205–19 are available, free of charge. Please send requests to the Editor.

